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THE STATION DESPAIR.

We must trust the conductor, most surely,
Have made this same journey securely
And come to that ultimate shore.
And we will reach it in season;
And ah, what a welcome is there!
Rejoice then, how out of all reason
To stop at the station Despair.

At midnight and many a potion
Of Ottilie black water have we
As we journey from ocean to ocean—
From sea until ultimate sea—
To that deepness of seas, and all silence
Of passion, concern and of care—
That vast sea of Eden-set islands
Don't stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow,
Go forward, friendless, or alone;
As we, to leap off in some hollow
Or leap off like a thief, try to hide you
From angels, all waiting you there!
Go forward, whatever betide you
Don't stop at the station Despair!
—Joachim Miller, in N. Y. Independent.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Thrilling Experience on the Roof
of a Cathedral.

Have you never read of a person's
hair turning gray in a single night?
Of course you have. The old story
books are full of such tales. I can re-
member dozens of them, stories reek-
ing with gore and dank with dungeons
and gruesome with ghosts and other un-
canny things. The heroine and some-
times the hero goes to bed at night
with hair as black as the raven's wing
and along in the night come the hor-
rors, whatever they are, and in the
morning the raven hair has turned a
snowy white.

I can remember, too, that I never
used to take any stock in such stories.
I used to hear them read and get up
quite a respectable thrill at the most
horrible portions, especially when the
candle flickered awfully with a ghostly
light and then went out, leaving every-
body in total darkness just as a derv-
groom was heard or a long shuddering
sigh like the wind through the weep-
ing willows in a graveyard. Oh, yes, I
was quite susceptible to touching
passages like those; and I used to hurry
up to bed and tuck my head under the
clothes and shiver with the most timid
of them. But somehow or other I could
not accept the hair-turning part of the
story. I knew that hair, black or
white, could stand on end, but that a
good head of black hair would bleach
itself out between dark and daylight
was a little too much to swallow.

I know better now. I have had a lit-
tle experience of my own which—
perhaps it is best to tell the story just
as it occurred.

It was on the roof of the cathedral
at Milan. We had climbed the stairs
in the late afternoon of a beautiful
spring day after paying the custodian
the insignificant price he asked for all
the glories visible from the elevated
position. We looked through the tele-
scope—for another fee—and had each
assured the others that we saw Mount
Blanc perfectly well without for a
moment believing what the others said
or convincing them that we told the
truth. And we had ended our climb
by ascending to the highest point under
the lantern—if it is a lantern—by the
cork-screw staircase, which will scarce-
ly permit any but the thinnest persons
to pass when one is going up and the
other coming down.

We were a party of four, and when
the roof was reached the youngest pro-
posed a ramble over that portion of the
structure. To this all but myself as-
sented. I was tired and proposed to
rest awhile at the foot of the tower
stairs, where the others were to pick
me up on their return, so that we
might all descend together. This was
satisfactory and off they started.

For a time I was quite comfortable
and paid no attention to the passage of
time, but I suddenly noticed that it
was getting dark and that my com-
panions had not returned. I called to
them first in a moderate tone of voice,
then more loudly, but received no
answer. Fearing that they would be
on the roof I started in search of
them. I walked the entire length of
the ridge of the main roof and peered
down all the side passages in the gar-
den dusk, but caught no glimpse of
my companions. Then I descended to
the roof of the aisle and made a search
there, which was also fruitless. I
came alarmed as the light failed and
ran from one point to another, calling
out as I ran, until I found to my great
distress that I had lost my way. I
could see far below me the lights of
the great city and hear the distant
rumbling of the carriages as they
drove past on the stony streets. But I
was as effectually lost for the moment
as if I had been in the heart of an
African jungle without a compass and
no Stanley on the alert to hunt me up.
In the excitement and despair which
the consciousness of this fact produced
I rushed about so wildly that I slipped
and fell on a long flight of stone steps
wet with the dew which had begun to
fall. I was not conscious of any seri-
ous injury from the fall, but when
brought up at the foot of the stairs and
tried to regain my footing I found to
my despair and horror that I was un-
able to move my limbs. I was
paralyzed.

The mental agony I suffered is in-
conceivable. Yet curiously enough I
spent the first moments in speculating
as to the exact nature of the injury I
had sustained. Had I broken my back
or simply injured my spinal cord? I
tried to recall what I had heard my
doctor friends say about injuries of
similar character, but could not seem
to remember anything definite. The
words "the death pangs" flashed into my
mind and I began to connect them-
selves in my mind with the fifth pair of
nerves or something else I could not
understand. I could have been so
seriously injured without any loco-
motion being lost. I was no doubt
paralyzed.

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interrupted by a clock striking the
hour of midnight I concluded it must
have been much longer and wondered
I had not heard the preceding hours.
Suddenly the full horror of my con-
dition flashed upon me. I was not
only doomed to remain where I was,
helpless and alone, during the long,
chilly hours of the night, but there was
no certainty that I would ever get
away alive. My friends would never
dream that I was there. They had un-
doubtedly concluded that I had gone
down, and if they missed me would
search everywhere but in the right
place. It might be days before the
particular spot in which I lay would
be visited, and in that case it would be
too late. Starvation would do for me,
even if the injury I had received did
not. In my anguish I shrieked aloud,
but was dully conscious all the time
that nobody could hear me. Visitors
and custodians alike must have de-
parted hours before; and even if my
cries were heard from the streets be-
low nobody would attribute them to
their real source.

To the feeling of acute anguish suc-
ceeded one of blank despair. I no
longer speculated on the possibility of
being discovered dead or alive. There
was a dull leaden feeling at my chest
and I found myself repeating me-
chanically old hymns and jingles and say-
ing the alphabet backward, as I once
learned to do in seeking relief from in-
somnia. Yet at the same time I was
conscious that my whole life was pass-
ing in review before me as they say it
does when one is drowning or being
hanged. I remembered that saying,
too, and without any cessation of the
review I wondered in my double con-
sciousness if I were undergoing the
sensations of a drowning man or of
one being hanged, and I wished I
could put them down on paper for the
benefit of the rest of mankind. What
struck me as singular was that the
clocks kept on striking twelve. The
second time they did this I thought I
must have lost consciousness for an en-
tire day and that this was the second
midnight. But when the third stroke
of twelve came from half a dozen
clocks I knew it could not be two days
since I had fallen. I thought first that
I had become demented; and then it
occurred to me that if I were I could
not reason about it in that fashion, no
the clocks themselves must be crazy.
This theory satisfied me until the
striking began again, when I went off
into another fantastic speculation. My
friends had discovered that I was miss-
ing and were having the bells rung to
keep my spirits up.

Oh! the long, long, weary hours I
spent in waiting for a glimpse of day-
light. I had no hope that daylight
would bring me any relief, but the
prospect of staying where it was end-
less midnight seemed insupportable.
I groaned and wept and dug my nails
into the palms of my hands until it
seemed as if the blood would come;
but I did not even feel any sense of
pain.

It must have been after the clocks
had struck midnight a dozen times or
more—I kept no exact account—that I
saw in the distance at what seemed to
be the farther end of the cathedral
roof two faint glimmers of light. Pres-
ently there were two more, and then
two more, and then a regular
procession of them. I tried to shout,
but had become so weak with cold and
suffering that I could not raise my
voice above a whisper. The lights
nevertheless approached, growing
gradually stronger until I could see
that they were borne by several black-
robed figures who were marching be-
hind a coffin. As the procession moved
slowly towards me I began to wonder
what it meant and whether the funeral
took place at midnight, or the roof of
the cathedral. Then I speculated a
moment on the propriety of disturbing
the obsequies even in my extreme
need. Suddenly it dawned on me that
this was my own funeral, and I knew
that I was either dead or had gone mad.
In the supreme anguish of this discovery
all memory of past suffering was
blotted out and I entered on a new
period of the most exquisite torture.
Fortunately it was of brief duration.
As the foremost of the moving figures
reached me I felt a grasp on my arm
and a voice called in my ear:
"Wake up, father; it's time to be go-
ing down. I guess you must have had
your yoke turned."

It was my daughter, and beside her
were the rest of the party, flushed with
their ramble on the roof. I straight-
ened out my cramped limbs, which
must have gone to sleep about the time
I did, and pulled out my watch. I had
been there just fifteen minutes.

"I don't mean to be understood that
my hair really did turn gray in that
night of horror on Milan cathedral.
In the first place there is not much of
it and what there is has been tolerably
gray for some years. But I do mean
to say that I am no longer incredulous
as to the possibility of such a capillary
change as the story books tell about. I
am quite sure that if any man or
woman really had just such an expe-
rience as I thought I had his or her
hair would turn gray provided, of
course, he or she had any hair that was
not gray already.—Detroit Free Press.

The Fox and Grapes.
A fox in search of food and adven-
ture espied a large bunch of juicy, un-
hookable grapes, hanging from a lofty
vine. He watched them for some time
with hungry eyes. In the meantime a
big, soft hen slunk out almost from
under his feet and disappeared in the
gloom.

Moral: Often, while a person is
building castles in the air, his golden
opportunity on earth slips by.—Albany
Argus.

The Largest Stale.
You may always depend upon a boy
knowing a great deal more than any-
body else and saying it right out. A
Detroit school-teacher the other day
tackled a ten-year-old pupil.
"What the largest state in the
union?" he asked.
"Matrimony," answered the boy
simply, and the teacher has been
pondering ever since where he got the
answer.—Detroit Free Press

THE CHIBCHAS.

Little-Known Contributions of the Az-
tecs and Incas.

The rich regions of the Aztecs were
discovered in 1519, and the conqueror of
Montezuma was already returning to
Spain when Pizarro set sail for Peru.
In 1532 the empire of the Incas was en-
tirely overthrown; while in 1536 there
still existed, unknown to the world, up-
on the high tablelands of the eastern
cordillera of the Andes an agricultural
people composed of more than a million
souls, possessing populous cities, forti-
fied places and paved roads; an estab-
lished priesthood with temples, altars
and sacrifices; an organized, hereditary
government and a standing army; an
approximate computation of time; and
various industries, and no little intel-
ligence in husbandry. Over this grow-
ing civilization of the Chibchas the con-
quest swept like a hurricane, devastat-
ing villages, archiving, manufactures and
cultivated fields—dispersing the bones
and annihilating the traditions of the
miserable Indians. In the course of a
few years they were deprived of their
independence, their chiefs, their liberty,
and even of their language; at the hands
of the most cruel, blind, and persistent persecu-
tion their very name was stricken from the
catalogue of existing nations, their de-
scendants were condemned to complete
oblivion of their origin, while the anti-
quarian was left in the doubt and con-
fusion of fabulous ages with respect to
events which immediately preceded this
epoch. The hurriedly written narra-
tives of the conquerors speak of the
grandeur of the "Valley of Castles"—
Bogota, so called because of the high
sidelines of its cities; of the extensive
salt mines of Zipaquira; of the potter-
ies of Tinjaca, and especially of the
great riches, the golden decorations,
and the upright mummies covered with
fine mantles, that were inclosed in the
temple of Snamoz, the principal sanctu-
ary of the Chibchas. Nor were these
descriptions exaggerated. In our day
there have been found in ancient sepul-
chers the most delicate cotton fabrics,
well-preserved mummies, elaborately
carved wooden articles of furniture,
exquisite vases of baked earth, often
imitating the human form and the
figures of animals, and an infinite
variety of golden ornaments and im-
ages. Beyond doubt the Chibchas
had attained the third stage in the
civilization of original America; yet
rumors have been written upon the
Aztecs and Incas, while the name of
this enlightened contemporary is al-
most unknown. They are said to have
been denominated Chibchas because of
the frequent recurrence of the syllab-
les "chi" and "cha" in their tongue,
but Humboldt calls them Muiscas or
Moscas. According to the distin-
guished historian Acosta (whose excel-
lent work has been freely consulted
and often translated in the preparation
of this paper), the term muiscas mer-
ely signified "people" in their language,
and mosca (Castilian for "fly") was
probably a corruption of the former, or
may have been applied to these Indians
because of the great number that ap-
peared before, and endeavored to stay
the progress of the handful of Span-
iards led by Quesada. As successful
as Cortez or Pizarro, unlike them, this
famous captain was never rewarded
with the coveted marquisate of Spain,
and has lacked the master hand of
Prescott to portray the thrilling inci-
dents of his last remarkable con-
quest.—Lient. Lemly, in Century.

WITH BANANA SKINS.

Thrown on a Stoop by an Enemy, the Fool
Picks a Fox and Grapes.

She was walking rapidly up the little
lane leading to the front steps of a house on
Ferry street. It was her walk and her
house, and she had a right to walk any
way she chose. That disgusting Brown
family next door might better mind their
own business and stop watching her.
So she was saying to herself, when—
poof! thump!—her feet went from under
her and she found herself sitting un-
comfortably hard upon that same walk
which a moment before she had been
treading so proudly. Slowly she picked
herself up, and, really she felt like the
divine, a heel which had caused her
downfall. A half-suppressed titter
came from the window of the house
next door.

"So that's their trick, is it?" she
muttered, scornfully, tossing her head
toward her enemies. "Well, it's a game
two can play at."

The next morning the old man Brown
got up rather early and started to walk
down-town. He had barely reached his
front steps when he struck some-
thing. It carried him off his feet like
a cyclone. He went humpty bump
down the steps. At the bottom he
struck something else. It carried him
along a few feet farther and then shot
him into a barbed-wire fence, which
had been mysteriously strung across
the path during the night.

The fence stopped him. But what a
sight he was! His clothes were torn
and covered with mud and ashes. The
mud and ashes had also mysteriously
got on the path during the night. His
flesh was lacerated and bruised and
his little finger was broken in two
places.

He picked himself up and crawled
back into the house and up to the room
of his youngest son.

"Ben," he said, "was it you put that
banana peel on the wider Smith's path
yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, you young rascal, take that
for it, and that," he began admin-
istering kicks on the person of his son
till the youngster howled with pain.

Then as he crawled off in search of
the arnica bottle he murmured: "I
don't blame the wider a bit. It was a
mean trick, but it was a blessed sight
meaner of her to take revenge on me,
when I'm the only one in our family
that stood up for her."—Buffalo Ex-
press.

Java's Fame.
Teacher:—What is the island of Java
noted for?
Bright Boy (son of a grocer):—It's
noted for its coffee that used to come
from there.—Good News.

FOOLED THE INDIANS.

A Lucky Ruse That Saved a Western
Stage-Coach from the Redskins.

Mr. Carlyle had many encounters
with the Indians while on the plains in
the old days of stage-coaching. He
tells of one that has a vein of comedy,
as they say of the melodrama. Mr.
Carlyle was out with a new driver,
fifty miles east of Cottonwood, now
McPherson. He found that a band of
redskins had taken possession of one of
his posts, and likewise of the whisky.
The whisky had in turn taken posses-
sion of them.

The coach was too close to the station
for flight, and besides there were about
two tons of mail and baggage matter
around—too much for fast travel. So
Carlyle determined that the only way
to do was to brazen the matter out.
He drove quietly up to within a hun-
dred yards of the station, and clamber-
ing down from his seat coolly set about
watering his horses.

The Indians were hilarious. They
clustered around Carlyle and greeted
him noisily. "How?" "How?" slapping
him terrifically on the back. One buck
was particularly hearty in his slap, and
almost sent Carlyle's shoulder maddening
him with pain. Carlyle was at the
time lifting a bucket of water from the
well. With all his giant strength he
swung the heavy iron-bound bucket
at the Indian's head. The latter ducked
and the bucket slipped downward, com-
pletely enveloping his feathered head.
And there the heavy vessel stuck, and
the more Mr. Indian tried to wiggle out
of it the tighter it stuck.

This struck all the other Indians as
highly humorous. They crowded around
the unfortunate buck, hooting and
screaming. They rolled the bucket along
the plain, they kicked him, they buffeted
him, they cast handfuls of dust upon
him, and had a merry little picnic rid-
ing around on their wooden-headed com-
rade.

While this picnic was in progress
Carlyle was busy. He had cut the
straps that held the coach's heavy car-
go of baggage, thrown off part of the
mail, and bidding his frightened driver
to whip up, the coach was soon making
good time towards Cottonwood. When
the Indians had tired of playing with
the bucket, buck and prepared to loot
the coach they found it rapidly disap-
pearing. With renewed screaming they
raced back to the stables for their
ponies, and, mounting, set out in pur-
suit.

Carlyle, sitting on the top of the
coach, fought them off with his long-
range Henry rifle, and there was a very
pretty running fight all the way to
Cottonwood, the Indians dropping the
pursuit as the town was approached.—
Kansas City Times.

Exercise for Elderly People.

While the elderly man has less capac-
ity for some forms of exercise than the
younger adult, he has no less need than
the other of the general and local ef-
fects of exercise. It is in the earliest
period of mature age that the most
characteristic manifestations of defects
of nutrition—obesity, gout and diabetes,
in which lack of exercise plays an im-
portant part—are produced; and the
treatment of them demands imperious-
ly a stirring up of the vital combustion.
Placed between a conviction that ex-
ercise is necessary, and a fear of the
dangers of exercise, the mature man
ought, therefore, to proceed with the
strictest method in the application of
the powerful modifier of nutrition. It is
impossible, however, to trace method-
ically a single rule for all men of the
same age, for all do not offer the same
degree of preservation. We might, per-
haps, find a general formula for the age
at which the muscles and bones have
retained all their power of resistance,
and at which the heart and vessels be-
gin to lose some of their capacity to
perform their functions. The mature
can safely brave all exercises that
bring on muscular fatigue, but he must
approach with great care those which
provoke shortness of breath.—Fernand
Lagrange, M. D., in Popular Science
Monthly.

Inhaling Tar Fumes.

A man stood by one of the boiling
caldrons of tar used by the Broadway
bureau. He was in a cinder-covered
coat of hellebore. Every now and then
he visibly choked with the rising fumes
of the tar. People looked at him cur-
iously. He finally coughed rather
more violently than before, when a
workman gruffly suggested that he
might move away if he did not like it.
But he didn't move for an hour. "That
fellow comes here every day to smell
that tar," said a boss. "He's got con-
sumption, and somebody told him that
the fumes of this tar are good for it.
He has inhaled about twenty barrels
now, and if he sticks to it until Broad-
way is paved he'll be a well man or
dead—I don't know which."—N. Y. Her-
ald.

In a Police Court.

Gentle Jesus.—This policeman give it
to me. He was asleep in a doorway.
When I saw that, thinks I, here's a rum
chance, so I slips in the next doorway
and pretty soon I was peacefully snooz-
ing, too. I was waked by a bang over
the head by the very same officer, and
when I kicked and told him as how I'd
seen him asleep, he said: "That's all
right, I do all the sleeping on this beat,"
and then he ran me in.—N. Y. Mail and
Express.

Unwelcome.

Peddler.—Meg pardon, ma'am, but I
am the agent for Dr. Feder's Spice
Root Bitters, and I'm sure if the mem-
bers of your family would try them
they would soon have the finest appe-
tites.

Lady at Door.—This, sir, is a board-
ing house.—Good News.

What Ailed Him.

Missus—Bridget, what is that child
crying so wildly for?
Nurse—Shure, mum, he's just drunk
all his soothein' syrup, and at the cork,
and I don't know what now ails him
unless it's the bottle he wants to
swallow.—Pharmaceutical Era.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Marie Bashkirtseff's tomb, near
Passy, consists of a vault and chapel.
Her portrait hangs just above the sar-
cophagus and is wreathed in flowers in
true French fashion, and day and night
a lamp is kept burning close by.

—Ex-Minister Bigelow carried around
with him the dignified manner which
made him a Parisian among the Paris-
ians, and his tall form and snow-white
beard and hair cause him to be a re-
markably pleasant subject to look upon
if only as a sample of fine old age.

—The Grand Duke Michael of Russia
was taken in a few weeks ago by a
young Muscovite swindler, who was
able by false representation to obtain
from his imperial highness a consider-
able sum of money as well as letters of
recommendation and of introduction.

—Mrs. Ole Bull takes a very lively
interest in Norwegian musical matters.
On the occasion of a Scandinavian
musical festival she sang accompan-
ing herself at the piano. Mrs. Bull also
made a speech to the assembled audi-
ence, dwelling upon the ennobling ef-
fect of music.

—A Zulu prince, the youngest son of
King Cetoswa Tetoswa, is an interesting
figure on the streets of St. Louis. The
prince is a stalwart young man weigh-
ing 150 pounds, with a face of a rich
copper hue and curly red hair. He is
one of 21 children, his father possessing
the luxury of 40 wives.

—A French scientist has compiled
some interesting statistics to show that
a large percentage of the world's most
famous men of learning have been
clergymen's sons. The list includes a
list of the old sayings about "ministers' sons,"
and as for the "deacons' daughters,"
many of them, like Mrs. Stowe, the
Brontes and Mrs. Trollope, have been
famous.

—Leaving the paragraphs to fight
it out as to whether the price of
Wales smokes \$1,800 per 1,000 cigars or
only smokes \$1,800 worth of cheaper
brands in the year, it may suffice to
say that he is very fond of a briar-root
pipe and some good tobacco, and knows
how to color a meerschaum as well as
if he had a very extensive practice
at the job.

—An enterprising Frenchman with a
fancy for statistics has discovered that
Alexander Dumas, the father, is the
most widely-read author in France.
Millions of volumes bearing his name
have been purchased by the French peo-
ple. Emile Zola, whose publishers sell
annually more than 100,000 volumes,
and Ohnet, 60,000, of whose books are
to be found in France, are next to
Dumas in popularity.

—Among the recent publications of
the American academy of political and
social science is a paper on the develop-
ment of economic science in Italy, by
Archille Loria, who is professor of po-
litical economy and statistics in the
university of Siena, Italy. Prof. Loria
is a radical representative of the ortho-
dox political economy, and is without
sympathy for the deviations of the op-
timistic and socialistic schools, and is
especially severe upon the "retrogression
proposed by the Austrian econo-
mists.

HUMOROUS.

—"What is the difference between a
rheumatoid and a corn doctor?" "Three
dollars an hour."—N. Y. Herald.

—Mean.—Miss Binaway—"We had
some lovely boys at the beach." Miss
Stayatoe—"Indeed! What girl did
you have for a partner?"—N. Y. Press.

—"Money is trouble," sighed old
Banker. "No it isn't," exclaimed
young Banker. "You can
easily borrow trouble."—Baltimore
American.

—"If marriage is a failure," said
Sybil, "what of earth is an engage-
ment?" "Why, only a temporary em-
barassment," responded Tom.—Drake's
Magazine.

—Mamma—"Now, Elsie, give the
principal parts of the verb to break."
Elsie (who has not looked at her les-
son, brightly)—"Bric-a-brac, broke."—
N. Y. Herald.

—"The Power of Love.—Mudge—"I
hear that Timmings' girl has induced
him to give up his cigars." Yabsley—
"I'm! That's more than any of the
boys could ever do."—Indianapolis
Journal.

—"A Woman's Idea.—Frank—"I think
that the man who marries for money is
most contemptible." May—"Perhaps;
but he is not half so idiotic as the man
who marries without money."—Smith's
Monthly.

—"The horse runs off and pitches the
rider into a neighboring lot. Proprietor
of the property comes up indignantly:
"And was not the road, sir, wide enough
to fall in without you having to drop in
my wheat field?"—Fliegende Blätter.

—Simmons—"So it is true that you
are engaged to Miss Flynpe? Well, I
sympathize with you." Timmings—
"Sympathize with me, you mean?"
Simmons—"No; I shall sympathize
with you when she throws you over as
she did me."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"A nice young man got into a tram-
car a few evenings ago, and saw to his
delight the only vacant seat was by the
side of a young lady acquaintance.
He made for that seat with joyous
strides, and her eyes answered his with
delighted looks. But just as he got
there a elderly party walked up and
dropped into the coveted seat. The
young man approached more slowly
and accosted the young lady. "How is
your brother?" he asked. "Is he able to
get out?" "Oh yes," she answered.
"Will he be very badly marked?" he
continued, and the old gentleman grew
suddenly interested. "Oh, no," she
said, "with the exception of a few
marks on his forehead." "Were you
not afraid of taking it?" the young man
continued while the old gentleman
broke out in a cold perspiration. "Not
at all," she replied. "I had been vac-
cinated, you know." The seat was va-
cated instantly, the two innocent young
hearts beat as half a dozen, and the
prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part
of the car, while an old gentleman
scowled upon them from the distant
corner.—London Tidbit.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

STILL ADVANCING.

Women Rapidly Taking a More Independ-
ent Place With Beneficial Results.
Among the crowds that entered Okla-
homa when a pistol shot proclaimed
that the new lands were open to settle-
ment, were a twenty-year-old girl who
had walked fifteen miles to the
border, a negro woman who had walked
twenty miles with a baby in her arms
and led a six-year-old child, three wom-
en on horseback with children strapped
behind them, and woman sixty-five
years old on horseback. This Okla-
homa incident is only one indication of
the steady advance woman is making
toward an independent position in the
life and work of the world. She con-
quered the professions long ago, and
woman lawyers, physicians, preachers,
and editors are no longer a rarity. Her
right to have as good an education as
her brother is also conceded, and that
she is taking advantage of it is seen in
the constantly increasing classes at
girls' normal schools and female col-
leges. One of the latter in Massachu-
setts has an entering class of 341, where
sixteen years ago the class numbered
only twelve. Probably every female
college and seminary can show a simi-
lar growth in its classes. The demand
for increased educational facilities for
women is not peculiar to this country.
It is seen in England and France as
well as here. The encouraging fact in
this latter advance of woman is that it
is directed more toward the practical
and not so much toward the theoretic-
al. The demand for the ballot is no
longer the one avenue along which
women are directing their greatest ef-
forts for place and position. They have
found other ways. If woman can prove
her fitness and inclination to make her
own living in the world, she will gain
a new independence in making a mat-
rimonial choice, and more women will
contemplate with serenity the chance
they have of marrying, as estimated by
an English statistician in the following
table:

Between the ages of 15 and 20 years.....	Per cent.
Between the ages of 20 and 25 years.....	114
Between the ages of 25 and 30 years.....	61
Between the ages of 30 and 35 years.....	18
Between the ages of 35 and 40 years.....	134
Between the ages of 40 and 45 years.....	24
Between the ages of 45 and 50 years.....	24
Between the ages of 50 and 60 years.....	4 of 1

Marriage will be looked upon as less
of a necessity, there will be more de-
liberation in choosing. I conse-
quently fewer unhappy marriages will
result. There is no advance which
woman can make which will benefit
herself and society at large so much as
a greater independence in marriage.
And, whether she gains this independ-
ence by making horse-shoes, as Miss
Aldie Wilder has done in the suburbs
of Brooklyn, or by taking the post of
engineer on the boat of which her hus-
band is captain on the lower Mississippi,
or by managing a horse railroad, as
Miss Dow did in Dover, N. H., or by
presiding over the best arranged hotel
on the Jersey Beach, or by joining the
Oklahoma boomers—the great majority
of men will applaud, provided, of
course, that these occupations do not
lessen the chief charms of female char-
acter. No one would wish to see that
result, and natural laws may be trusted
to prevent it.—Philadelphia Press.

A WOMAN FARMER.
She Finds Raising Vegetables a Profitable
and Pleasant Occupation.
For the past six years Miss Mary E.
Cutler has carried on a farm in Hollis-
ton, Mass. The farm was bought in
1841